20: Hungry Wolf I-4,5 (no date) 1980
NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

his uncle was long the mayor of Fort Macleod, a town near the Blood Reserve.

Although their mixed ancestry and Rosie's education probably contributed to their progressive ways, the couple was also noted for some very traditional Blood ways. For several years they were the keepers of the Longtime Medicine Pipe, which is the most ancient and highly revered sacred bundle among the Bloods. Charlie always wore his hair long and in braids, and Rosie was known for her excellent craftwork. In fact, she kept on doing beadwork until she was nearly a hundred, when her failing eyesight forced her to give up.

Rosie Davis was also quite an avid reader, which is a surprising pastime for a woman born back in the buffalo days. It was hard to imagine her living in the tipi camps of those days while sitting in her modern home, enjoying tea and cookies and listening to her discourse on such modern books as *Bury My Heart at Wounded Knee.*

Rosie accepted the coming of modern life as inevitable, but she didn't like it. She felt sad as she watched fences and land boundaries close up the open prairies, and livestock taking the place of the wildlife. She didn't hesitate to say that the old life was much more healthy. But she was especially concerned about the new ways of raising children—too much time indoors, and without discipline or parental guidance and understanding. She would say:

"Oh, we were happy when I was a youngster. We used to play out all day long. When the weather was good we would go horseback riding or make toy lodges and imitate our mothers. In those days there were a lot of foxes, coyotes, and wolves in the country, and sometimes we went hunting for these. In the wintertime we went sliding down hills on stiff hides, or we would play games on the ice—spinning tops with whips, sliding carved sticks known as snow snakes, or batting round rocks with sticks, like hockey.

His father took the three oldest children back East and put them in school in Winnipeg. Charlie and his older sister were given to relatives on the reserve. His mother's brother, White Buckskin, took him and raised him in the Old Way, although he looked very much like his real father. Charlie's father came after him several times, to take him away to school, but old White Buckskin would always see him in time and sneak out a back window with Charlie to hide him in the brush. 736

Charlie and Rosie took on the care of the Long Time Pipe in their old age. They had it "for four or five years," according to Rosie, and she still regrets giving the Pipe up to John Red Crane, who sold it to the museum. She said, "I would have never given it to that man, but he said he made a vow, so there was not much that I could do about it." 778 [425]

Charlie Davis never joined the Horns Society because old White Buckskin told him, "Your wife lives like a white lady, so you had better not join the Horns with her. She might do something wrong." 575 186

Rosie Davis wears glasses for reading but she gave up doing beadwork just a couple of years ago. She said she likes to read all kinds of books, but that some writers are "too far-fetched." She just got through reading *Bury My Heart at Wounded Knee*, and her conclusion was that she "liked it real well, but it was sad and pathetic." 523 517

[p. 343-B]